

RETALIATION;

P O E M.

CONTAINING

E P I T A P H S

O N

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
EDMUND BURKE, Esq.
Dr. CUMBERLAND,

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
Dr. DOUGLAS,
The Dean of DERRY, &c. &c.

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.
THE EIGHTH EDITION, WITH LARGE ADDITIONS.

PARTICULARLY,

The HERMIT,
The HAUNCH of VENISON,
The GIFT,

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP,
SABINUS and OLINDA, Epitaph
on Dr. PARNEL, two SONGS,

AND SEVERAL OTHER PIECES,
ALL WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE:
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.



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L O N D O N:

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1870

RETA

THE
DOCTOR

ALL
WELL

SOME
ACCOUNT

The PUBLISHER received the following Note with the Manuscript of RETALIATION.

T O

Mr. G E O R G E K E A R S L Y,

BOOKSELLER, in FLEET-STREET.

S I R,

I Send you an authentic copy of the last poetic Production of the late Doctor GOLDSMITH ; of which I recommend an early publication, to prevent spurious Editions being ushered into the world----The Doctor belonged to a Club of Beaux Esprits, where Wit sparkled sometimes at the expence of Good-nature.--It was proposed to write Epitaphs on him ; his Country, Dialect and Person, furnished subjects of Witticisms : He was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting he produced the following Poem, which I think adds one Leaf to his immortal Wreath.

C O N-

C O N T E N T S.

The LIFE of DOCTOR GOLDSMITH

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Some ACCOUNT of the LIFE of the late
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Roscommon in Ireland, in the year 1731. His father, who possessed a small estate in that county, had nine sons, of which Oliver was the third. He was originally intended for the church; and with that view, after being well instructed with the classics, was, with his brother the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, placed in Trinity College, Dublin, about the latter end of the year 1749. In this seminary of learning he continued a few years, when he took a Bachelor's degree; but his brother, not being able to obtain any preferment after he left the College, Oliver, by the advice of Dean Goldsmith of Cork, turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and, after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under the different Professors in that University, which was deservedly ranked among the first schools of physic in Europe. His beneficent disposition soon involved him in unexpected difficulties, and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in consequence of engaging himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he was arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the good graces of Laughlin Maclane, Esq; and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the Bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, where, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders, and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Lovain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly fact, that this ingenious, unfortunate man, made most part of his tour on foot! He had left England with very little money, and, being of a philosophical turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed.

formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had some knowledge of the French language, and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute; which, from an amusement, became at some times the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses, and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. 'Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall,' he used to say, 'I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day: but in truth,' his constant expression, 'I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them.'

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle Mr. S——. This youth, who was attired to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune determined to see the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviso, that he should be permitted to govern himself; and our traveller soon found his pupil understood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing passion.

During Goldsmith's continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given some striking proofs at the college of Edinburgh. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called the Traveller, to his brother the clergyman in Ireland, who, giving up fame and fortune, had retired, with an amiable wife, to happiness and obscurity, on an income of only 40l. a year.

From Geneva Mr. Goldsmith and his pupil visited the south of France, where the young man, upon some disagreement with his preceptor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and passed through a number of difficulties in traversing the greatest part of France. At length his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were so low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to this metropolis, his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few halfpence! An entire stranger in London, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections in consequence of his embarrassed situation! He applied to several apothecaries in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman, but his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, occasioned him to meet with insult from most of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymist near Fish-street, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued 'till he discovered his old friend Doctor Sleight was in London. This gentleman received him with the warmest affection, and liberally invited him to share his purse till some establishment could be procured for him. Goldsmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to assist the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in instructing the young gentlemen at the Academy at Peckham; and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction for a short time; but, having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffiths, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the strictest œconomy, and took lodgings in Green Arbour-court in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young Author, and introduced him as one of the writers in the Public Ledger, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of '*Chinese Letters*.'

Fortune now seemed to take some notice of a man she had long neglected. The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of respectable persons, and he emerged from his shabby apartments near the Old Bailey to the politer air of the Temple, where he took handsome chambers, and lived in a genteel style. The publication of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *Letters on the History of England*, was followed by the performance of his

comedy of *The Good-natured Man* at Covent-Garden Theatre, and placed him in the first rank of the poets of the present age.

Our Doctor, as he was now universally called, had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen; whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved, and he has been often known to leave himself even without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others!

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deserted Village*, the Bookseller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who observed it was a very great sum for so short a performance. 'In truth,' replied Goldsmith, 'I think so too, it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth, I have not been easy since I received it; therefore I will go back and return him his note;' which he absolutely did, and left it entirely to the Bookseller, to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which turned out very considerable.

During the last rehearsal of his comedy, intitled, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Mr. Colman had no opinion would succeed, on the Doctor's objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Lumpkin's speeches, being apprehensive it might injure the play, the Manager, with great keenness replied, 'Psha, my dear Doctor, do not be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*.' The piece, however, contrary to Mr. Colman's expectation, was received with uncommon applause by the audience; and Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the severity of the above observation, that it entirely put an end to his friendship for the gentleman who made it.

Notwithstanding the great success of his pieces, by some of which, it is asserted, upon good authority, he cleared 1800*l.* in one year, his circumstances were by no means in a prosperous situation! partly owing to the liberality of his disposition, and partly to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming, the arts of which he knew very little of, and consequently became the prey of those who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

Just before his death he had formed a design for executing an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the prospectus of which he actually printed and distributed among his acquaintance. In this work several of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Beauclerc, and Mr. Garrick) had engaged to furnish him with articles upon different subjects. He had entertained the most sanguine expectations from the success of it. The undertaking, however, did not meet with that encouragement from the Booksellers which he had imagined it would undoubtedly receive; and he used to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent strangury, which contributed not a little to imbitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, being improperly treated, terminated in his dissolution on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the forty-third year of his age. His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-abbey, where a tablet was to have been erected to his memory. His pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but from some unaccountable circumstances this design was dropped, and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial-ground.

As to his character, it is strongly illustrated by Mr. Pope's line;

“ In wit a man, simplicity a child.”

The learned leisure he loved to enjoy was too often interrupted by distresses which arose from the openness of his temper, and which sometimes threw him into loud fits of passion; but this impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and his servants have been known, upon these occasions, purposely to throw themselves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after; for he who had the good fortune to be reprov'd was certain of being rewarded for it. His disappointments at other times made him peevish and fullen, and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening,

ing, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes. A circumstance which contributed not a little to the encrease of his malady.

The universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleasure they give in the perusal, is a striking test of their merit. He was a studious and correct observer of nature, happy in the selection of his images, in the choice of his subjects, and in the harmony of his versification; and, though his embarrassed situation prevented him from putting the last hand to many of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deserted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the most finished pieces in the English language.

The writer of these Anecdotes cannot conclude without declaring, that as different accounts have been given of this ingenious man, these are all founded upon facts, and collected by one who lived with him upon the most friendly footing for a great number of years, and who never felt any sorrow more sensibly than that which was occasioned by his death.

R E T A L I A T I O N :

A P O E M.

O F old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our (*a*) landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our (*b*) Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our (*c*) Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

(*a*) The Master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the Friends
he has characterized in this Poem, held an occasional Club.

(*b*) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(*c*) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this
kingdom.

B

Our

Our (*d*) Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
 And (*e*) Dick with his pepper shall heighten their favour :
 Our (*f*) Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And (*g*) Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our (*h*) Garrick's a fallad, for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltnefs agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That (*i*) Ridge is anchovy, and (*k*) Reynolds is lamb ;
 That (*l*) Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a goofberry-fool.

(*d*) Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

(*e*) Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

(*f*) Author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

(*g*) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *sound Critic*, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and *Bower's History of the Popes*.

(*h*) David Garrick, Esq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane. For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem.

(*i*) Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the *relish* of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

(*k*) Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

(*l*) An eminent Attorney, whose hospitality and good-humour have acquired him, in this Club, the title of 'honest Tom Hickey.'

At

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good (*m*) Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That Sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good (*n*) Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
 To persuade (*o*) Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;

(*m*) Vide page 1. (*n*) Ibid. (*o*) Mr. T. Townsend, Member for Whitchurch.

Tho'

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest (*p*) William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits, alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
 (*q*) Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;

(*p*) Vide page 2.

(*q*) Mr. Richard Burke ; *vide* page 2. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a-day at Old Nick,
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here (r) Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine;
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?

(r) Vide page 2.

C

Say

Say was it, that vainly directing his view
 To find out mens virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here (s) Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines :
 When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own.
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our (t) Dodds shall be pious, our (u) Kenricks shall lecture ;
 (x) Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our (y) Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;

(s) Vide page 2.

(t) The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

(u) Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakespeare.'

(x) James Macpherson, Esq; who lately, from the mere *force of his style*, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

(y) Vide page 3.

New

New (z) Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies (a) David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

(z) Vide page 2.

(a) Ibid.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye (b) Kenricks, ye (c) Kellys, and (d) Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was beroscious'd, and you were beprais'd!
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here (e) Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature:

(b) Vide page 6.

(c) Hugh Kelly, Esq; Author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wife, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

(d) Mr. William Woodfall, Printer of the Morning Chronicle.

(e) Vide page 2.

He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser;
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest? ah no!
 Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here (f) Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind;
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing:

(f) Vide page 2.

D

When

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
He shifted his (g) trumpet, and only took snuff.

(g) Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company; he is, at the same time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of snuff: his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time described, must be allowed, by those who have been witnesses of such a scene, to be as happily given upon *paper*, as that great Artist himself, perhaps, could have exhibited upon *canvas*.

POST

P O S T S C R I P T.

AFTER the Fourth Edition of this Poem was printed, the Publisher received an Epitaph on Mr. (a) Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith, inclosed in a letter, of which the following is an abstract.

“ I have in my possession a sheet of paper, containing near forty
 “ lines in the Doctor’s own hand-writing : there are many scattered,
 “ broken verses, on Sir Jos. Reynolds, Counsellor Ridge, Mr. (b)
 “ Beauclerk, and Mr. Whitefoord. The Epitaph on the last-
 “ mentioned gentleman is the only one that is finished, and there-
 “ fore I have copied it, that you may add it to the next edition. It
 “ is a striking proof of Doctor Goldsmith’s good-nature. I saw this
 “ sheet of paper in the Doctor’s room, five or six days before he
 “ died ; and, as I had got all the other Epitaphs, I asked him if I
 “ might take it. “ *In truth you may, my Boy,* (replied he) *for it*
 “ *will be of no use to me where I am going.*”

(a) Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, Author of many humorous Essays.

(b) Topham Beauclerk, Esq; well known in the polite world as a scholar, a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

HERE

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
 Tho' he *merrily* liv'd, he is now a (c) *grave* man :
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun !
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
 A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will,
 Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill :
 A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free,
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
 Should so long be to news-paper essays confin'd !
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content "if the table he set on a roar ;"
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if (d) *Woodfall* confess'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper wtlings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes ;

(c) Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being *infected* with the *itch* of *punning*.

(d) Mr. H. S. Woodfall, Printer of the Public Advertiser.

Ye

Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine ;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
(e) *Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for *thy* sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit :
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
“ Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse.”

(e) Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

T H E H E R M I T.

“ T U R N, gentle Hermit of the dale,

“ And guide my lonely way

“ To where yon taper chears the vale

“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,

“ With fainting steps and slow,

“ Where wilds immeasurably spread

“ Seem length’ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,

“ To tempt the dang’rous gloom,

“ For yonder faithless phantom flies

“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of Want

“ My door is open still :

“ And tho’ my portion is but scant,

“ I give it with good will :

" Then turn to night, and freely share

" Whate'er my cell bestows ;

" My rushy couch, and frugal fare,

" My blessing, and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free

" To slaughter I condemn ;

" Taught by that Power that pities me,

" I learn to pity them :

" But from the mountain's grassy side

" A guiltless feast I bring :

" A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,

" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;

" All earth-born cares are wrong :

" Man wants but little here below,

" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,

His gentle accents fell ;

The modest stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his penfive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary's lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrup in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

F

But

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answer'ing care oppress'd,

" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,

" The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,

" Reluctant dost thou rove ?

" Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

" Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings

" Are trifling, and decay ;

" And those who prize the paltry things

" More trifling still than they.

" And what is Friendship but a name

" A charm that lulls to sleep,

" A shade that follows wealth or fame,

" And leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And

“ And Love is still an emptier found,

“ The modern fair one’s jest,

“ On earth unseen, or only found

“ To warm the turtles nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

“ And spurn the sex,” he said :

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise,

Swift mantling to the view,

Like colours o’er the morning skies,

As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms,

The lovely stranger stands confest

A maid in all her charms.

“ And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,

“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,

“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude

“ Where Heaven and you reside.

“ But

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
“ Whom Love has taught to stray;
“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
“ Companion of her way.
“ My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
“ A wealthy Lord was he;
“ And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
“ He had but only me.
“ To win me from his tender arms
“ Unnumber'd suitors came;
“ Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
“ And felt or feign'd a flame.
“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
“ With richest proffers strove;
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
“ But never talk'd of love.
“ In humble simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth or power had he;
“ Wisdom and worth were all he had;
“ But these were all to me.

- " The blossom opening to the day
 " The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity display,
 " To emulate his mind.
- " The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine ;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.
- " For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain ;
" And while his passion touch'd my heart
 " I triumph'd in his pain ;
- " Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride,
" And sought a solitude forlorn
 " In secret, where he died.
- " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay,
" I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 " And stretch me where he lay—

G

" And

“ And there forlorn, despairing hid,

“ I'll lay me down and die;

“ 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,

“ And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, Heaven !” the Hermit cry'd,

And clasp'd her to his breast ;

The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide ;

'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear ;

“ My charmer, turn to see

“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,

“ Restor'd to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

“ And every care resign ;

“ And shall we never, never part,

“ My life—my all that's mine.

“ No, never, from this hour to part,

“ We'll live and love so true ;

“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

“ Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

T H E G I F T.

To IRIS, *in* Bow-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,

Dear mercenary beauty,

What annual off'ring shall I make

Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,

Should I at once deliver,

Say, would the angry Fair One prize

The gift, who flights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,

My rivals give—and let 'em.

If gems, or gold, import a joy,

I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,

Or rose-bud more in fashion;

Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose

A transitory passion.

I'll

(24)

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,

Not less sincere, than civil :

I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,

I'll give thee—to *the devil*.

EPI-

EPILOGUE *to the* SISTERS.

WHAT, five long acts—and all to make us wiser!

Our Authorefs sure has wanted an adviser.

Had she consulted me, she should have made

Her moral play a speaking masquerade;

Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage

Have emptied all the Green-room on the Stage.

My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;

Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.

Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,

What if I gave a Masquerade?—I will.

But how! Ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*—I've got my cue:

The world's a masquerade! the masquers you, you, you.

[To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.]

Lud! what a groupe the motley scene discloses!

False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!

Statesmen with bridles on; and close beside 'em,

Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.

H

There

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
 These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
 Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
 Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman :
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
 Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is to seem ev'ry thing—but what they are.
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eyes on,
 Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion ;
 Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
 Looking, as who should say, Dam'me ! who's afraid ? [*Mimicking.*
 Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
 Yon politician, famous in debate,
 Perhaps to vulgar eyes bestrides the state ;
 Yet when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
 He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
 Yon patriot too, who presses on your fight,
 And seems to ev'ry gazer, all in white,

If with a bribe his candour you attack,

He bows, turns round, and whip—the man is black !

Yon critic too—but whither do I run ?

If I proceed, our bard will be undone !

Well then a truce, since she requests it too :

Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

It with a price less than the
The house, turn round, and when the
The price too—of which I am
If I proceed, our land will be
Well then a time back the
Do not then say and I'll



THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON,
A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO
LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my Lord, for your Venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter;
The Haunch was a picture for Painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Tho' my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my Chambers, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my Friends as a piece of *Virtu*;

As in some *Irish* houses, where things are so so,
 One Gammon of Bacon hangs up for a show :
 But for eating a Rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the Pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold---let me pause---Don't I hear you pronounce,
 This tale of the Bacon's a damnable Bounce ;
 Well, suppose it a Bounce---sure a Poet may try,
 By a Bounce now and then, to get Courage to fly :

But, my Lord, it's no Bounce : I protest in my Turn,
 It's a Truth---and your Lordship may ask Mr. *Burn*.
 To go on with my Tale---as I gaz'd on the Haunch,
 I thought of a Friend that was trusty and staunch,
 So I cut it, and sent it to *Reynolds* undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the Neck and the Breast I had next to dispose ;
 'Twas a Neck and a Breast that might rival *Munroe's* :
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
 There's *H---d*, and *C---y*, and *H---rtb*, and *H---ff*,
 I think they love Venison---I know they love Beef.
 There's my Countryman *Higgins*---Oh ! let him alone,
 For making a Blunder, or picking a Bone.

But

But hang it---to Poets who seldom can eat,
 You very good Mutton's a very good Treat ;
 Such Dainties to them their Health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them Ruffles, when wanting a Shirt.
 While thus I debated, in Reverie center'd,
 An Acquaintance, a Friend as he call'd himself, enter'd ;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken Fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the Venison and me.
 What have we got here ?---Why this is good eating !
 Your own I suppose---or is it in Waiting ?
 Why whose should it be ? cried I, with a Flounce,
 I get these Things often ;---but that was a Bounce :
 Some Lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleas'd to be kind---but I hate ostentation.
 If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,
 I'm glad I have taken this House in my Way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;
 No Words---I insist on't---precisely at three :
 We'll have *Johnson*, and *Burke*, all the Wits will be there,
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my *Lord Clare*.
 And now that I think on't, as I am a finner !
 We wanted this Venison to make out the Dinner.

What

What say you---a pafty---it shall, and it must,
 And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for crust.
 Here, Porter---this Venison with me to *Mile-end* ;
 No stirring---I beg---my dear friend---my dear friend !
 Thus snatching his hat, he brusht off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And no body with me at sea but myself ;
 Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hafty,
 Yet *Johnson*, and *Burke*, and a good venison pafty,
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and *Kitty* his Wife.
 So next Day in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine :)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
 With tidings that *Johnson*, and *Burke* would not come,
 For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with *Thrale* ;
 But not matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They both of them merry, and authors like you ;
 The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge* ;
 Some thinks he writes *Cinna*--- he owns to *Panurge*.
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe, in a fwinging tureen ;
 At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made hot ;
 In the middle a place where the pasty---was not.
 Now, my Lord, as for tripe its my uttter averfion,
 And your Bacon I hate like a *Turk* or a *Persian* ;
 So there I fat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me most, was that d---'d *Scottish* Rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue.
 And Madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
 But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst.
 The Tripe, quoth the *Jew*, with his chocolate-cheek,
 I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week :

I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
 But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.
 O---Oh ! quoth my Friend, he'll come on in a trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 There's a Pasty---a Pasty ! repeated the Jew ;
 I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too.
 What the De'il, Mon, a Pasty ! re-echoed the Scot ;
 Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.
 We'll all keep a corner, the Lady cried out ;
 We'll all keep a corner was echoed about.
 While thus we resolv'd, and the Pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the Maid ;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd *Priam* in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her ?
 That she came with some terrible news from the Baker :
 And so it fell out, for that negligent floven,
 Had shut out the Pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad *Philomel* thus---but let similes drop----
 And now that I think on't, the Story may stop.
 To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;

You've

You've got an odd something---a kind of discerning---
 A relish---a taste---sicken'd over by learning ;
 At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You make a mistake, and think slightly of this.



EPITAPH upon Dr. PARNEL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle PARNEL's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to Truth thro' Pleasure's flow'ry way ?
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid ;
 And Heav'n, that lent him Genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of Fame below :
 More lasting rapture from his Works shall rise,
 While Converts thank their Poet in the skies.

From the Oratorio of the CAPTIVITY.

S O N G.

THE Wretch condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on Hope relies ;
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 Bids Expectation rise.
 Hope, like the glim'ring taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

S O N G.

S O N G.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys, recuring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain ;

 Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe?
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

The CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty Peers
 To tell them the reason why Affes had ears?
 " An't please you," quoth John, " I'm not given to letters,
 Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
 Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your *Graces*,
 As I hope to be saved! without thinking on *Affes*.

Edinburgh, 1753.

EPITAPH on EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor NED PURDON, from misery freed,
 Who long was a Bookfeller's hack ;
 He led such a damnable life in this world,---
 I don't think, he'll wish to come back.

* This Gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin ; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

EPILOGUE *to the Comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'*

WELL, having *Stoop'd to Conquer* with success,
 And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
 Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
 As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you :
 And let me say, for all your resolution,
 That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
 Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
 " We have our exits and our entrances."
 The First Act shews the simple country-maid,
 Harmless and young, of ev'ry thing afraid ;
 Blushes when hir'd, and, with unmeaning action,
 " I hope as how to give you satisfaction."
 Her Second Act displays a livelier scene—
 Th' unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.

I

Next

Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
 The chop-house toasts of ogling connoisseurs.
 On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
 And on the gridiron broils her lovers hearts :
 And as she smiles, her triumphs to compleat,
 Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
 The Fourth Act shews her wedded to the 'squire,
 And Madam now begins to hold it higher ;
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
 Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheapside ;
 Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
 'Till having lost in age the power to kill,
 She sits all night at cards, and ogles at Spadille.
 Such, thro' our lives, the eventful history—
 The Fifth and last Act still remains for me.
 The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
 Turns female barrister, and pleads for bayes.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of Friendship; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connexion, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendships, which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens, as it proceeds: and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependance gathers round us, is almost
ever

ever unfriendly ; they secretly wish the term of their connexions more nearly equal ; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burthen ; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches ; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept ; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed ; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude ; and such indeed in the common ac-

ception of the world it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity:—‘Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of dangers at length, bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the mean soldier

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belonged,

belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.'

S A B I N U S A N D O L I N D A.

IN a fair, rich, flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German Ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda.

He was indeed superior to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a short time, by joining hands publickly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion: she forgot those many virtues, for which she had been so long, and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion, and mistaken resentment, betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent: she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others

others gave her intolerable pain : she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the chearful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana !

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions ; the circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious lawsuit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence.

From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required ; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal ; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price : Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress.

Reproach generally produces recrimination ; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction ; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to
jail

jail, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by providence. Whenever Sabinus shewed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself. That so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship.

That nothing could make her miserable, but his seeming to want happiness; nothing pleased but his sympathising with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur: they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favour of a very distant relation, and who was now in another country, might be easily procured, and burnt, in which case, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and

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falling

falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow : for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted.

This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual : She had, therefore, begun to reflect and to wonder, how she could, so long and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue ; she, therefore, reassumed her former goodness of heart ; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, who dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate ; and in her last moments confessed, that virtue was the only path to true glory ; and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will in time lead it to a certain victory.

An ELEGY on the Glory of her Sex,

Mrs. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was finning.

At church, in silks and sattins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her

Her love was fought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The Doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not dy'd to-day.

T H E E N D.